





## THE SUNDAY UNION.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1890.

ISSUED BY THE

SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, Third Street, between J and K.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION,

Published six days in each week, with Double Sheet on Saturdays, and

THE SUNDAY UNION,

Published every Sunday morning, making a splendid SEVEN-DAY paper.

For one year, \$6.00

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For three months, \$2.00

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Entered at the Postoffice at Sacramento as second-class matter.

The RECORD-UNION, SUNDAY UNION and WEEKLY UNION are the only papers on the Coast, outside of San Francisco, that receive the Full Associated Press Dispatches.

The RECORD-UNION, SUNDAY UNION and WEEKLY UNION are the only papers on the Coast, outside of San Francisco, that have no competitors either in influence or home and general circulation throughout the State.

Forecast 10 P. M. Sunday: For Northern California—Fair weather; variable winds; nearly stationary temperature, except cooler at Fresno, Winnemucca and in the northwest portion; frost in the exposed places and in Western Nevada.

For Southern California—Fair weather; north to west winds; nearly stationary temperature, except cooler in the western portion.

The 15,000,000 of New York City

who organized to purify Tammany by downing it do not appear to have proved that in political contests in that city the voice of woman cuts much of a figure.

Simplicity in living, says a contemporary,

strengthens the body and gives it greater muscular power and endurance. It

should be added that it gives the medium of mental activity greater clearness and vigor. Simplicity of living is as beneficial to the intellect as to the body.

So then, justice did not miscarry in the case of the murderers of Dr. Cronin,

though the verdict was based on circumstantial evidence only. The confession of Sullivan proves that the law fastened upon the real criminals and convicted them. It is only to be regretted that a shadow of a doubt saved them from the scaffold.

In consequence of a belief that the Armenians are plotting for a revolutionary outbreak in a new direction, the Porte has issued an order forbidding Armenians from holding any meetings, and prohibiting the sitting of the Armenian National Assembly. The Sultan may not know it, but he is pursuing precisely the course needed to provoke revolution and make it successful.

The New York Sun thinks it a marvel that between 1880 and 1890 the census returns should show an amazing decline in the percentage of births over deaths. Our contemporary is solicitous to know if the falling off is due to infanticide of lives born into the world and never reported, or if child-bearing is going out of fashion? If the Sun would look sharply into the social problem involved in the rush of young women into business it might find a reasonable solution of the matter.

There is really nothing to be said about Dr. Koch's reputed wonderful discovery of a means of curing consumption by injection of a germ-curing fluid into the veins. The most that can be indulged in in expression, is the hope that it is true. There is much ground for this hope to find footing on, since we are assured that eminent physicians believe that such a remedy is possible, and because as a result of experiments tried only a few days ago, the patients are manifesting already decided improvement.

The dispatches announce that Mr. Blaine is by no means done with the question of reciprocity, and that he is preparing a second letter upon the subject. The country is coming under the belief that Mr. Blaine's reciprocity policy, and which he succeeded in partly injecting into the tariff bill, is a policy that furnishes the only footing upon which the Republican party can maintain its ground and regain the confidence of the people in matters of revenue legislation. We believe that Mr. Blaine is right in this matter, and that if the Republican party is to succeed in 1892 it will be by adopting his views on reciprocity.

The liability of theatrical people to typhoid fever, and diseases due to foul drains and bad atmospheres, has brought about a movement in London to reform the construction of dressing-rooms in theaters in that city. It is proved that very few theaters in England have dressing-rooms that do not offend every sanitary law. Much the same is to be said of the American theaters. Here, however, the evil is most pronounced in large cities, where space is so valuable. There would seem to be no reason why police regulations regarding the fitness of accommodations for the gathering of the people should not extend to the stage and dressing-rooms also. Leading people of the drama are agitating the subject, and with the prospect of bringing about needed reforms. The actor who contracts with the manager is entitled to a dressing-room, the conditions of which shall be fairly healthful, and if the artists insist upon it there will be reformation in these important parts of theaters and concert halls.

If the report is true concerning Lord Hamilton, First Lord of the British Admiralty, then he is a heartless man and deserves execution. It is related that at a Conservative banquet Wednesday night he arose and announced the loss of the English torpedo cruiser Serpent, which foundered and carried to death all her crew and passengers of relief mariners and sailors to the number of 273; that thereupon the banquet proceeded without his protest or withdrawal, and the very next speech was one of a jolly character and Lord Hamilton himself followed with wittiest comments. Contrasted with this heartless conduct is the action of the Duke of Edinburgh, an English Admiral. He was at a party concert, but the moment the sudden disaster to him, he left the party and went to his home, unmanfully

## "A LIGHT O' LOVE."

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"Ha, ha," laughed a chorus of girlish voices, "he, ha, ha! stand back, can't you, and let her look into the enchanted well!"

"Yes," who knows mayhap she will see her future husband."

The scene was a clear sparkling well, surrounded by grassy stubble and thickly shaded, swaying branches through which the golden moon was faintly struggling. It was Halloween, and around the mystic well were gathered a group of young Scottish lassies.

"O'er," echoed another, a small, insignificant-looking girl of about eighteen years, "it may be the young Laird himself, whom she expects to see."

This last remark was greeted by another wild burst of mirth.

The girl for whom this conversation was intended received the sneers and laughter, without vouching any reply, merely raising her handsome head a trifle higher and, with her thin nostrils dilated, she resembled a light-metted race-horse.

"Perhaps," spoke a fourth, "she does not think even the young Laird good enough; he is coming home tonight, girls, so stand back and give her a chance."

Then a fifth voice answered sharply, "Shame, girls, why do you tease her? Has she not as much right to look into the mystic well as any of us? It is free to all, you know. Come, Heather, don't mind them, it is your turn, come. The girl addressed shook her tattered shawl and, disclosing a pair of brown, girlish shoulders shining like polished copper in the golden moonlight, and looking around, with a defiant, scornful laugh, steps towards the well.

The girls again laughed loudly. She advances to the edge of the shimmering water, and as she does so a tall, dark form slides behind the nearest clump of bushes. The girls simultaneously open their mouths, but with uplifted finger he enjoins silence, and with quick, cat-like movements reaches the kneeling girl, and bending over her, his cheek touches her own, looks for an instant into her face, and then he regains his feet and disappears into the shadow of the trees again. And the girl, with a proud smile, curls the corners of her red lips, raises slowly to her feet.

The lookers-on whisper one to the other: "It is the young Laird, O'Logabrain himself, what a joke he has played upon the poor fool!" Then, aloud:

"Well, what did you see?"

"Strikes me," said the insignificant small girl, "you must have seen the devil with his pitchfork, by the expression of your face."

Heather again gathered her tattered shawl tightly around her, her shapely shoulders without deigning to make any answer, and departed, the others going in the direction of Loganbrae Castle, from whose white-towered windows could be heard the sound of the bag-pipes in shrill, joyous welcome to the young Laird, so recently returned.

Heather was the only child of old David Green, the vagabond fisherman, whose fearful fits of temper sent his wretched young wife to the grave but a few months after Heather's birth. And now, though his violent anger was frequently directed against some unfortunate child, Heather always escaped scot free, never receiving an angry word nor look from the surly old fisherman, but the juster eye of the old man, half-savage, young daughter, running wild and only half clad across the lonely, barren moor, and roaming regardless of scratches amongst the thickly-leaved branches; fleet of foot, and free as a young antelope; whose bright black eyes could pierce the sun's rays without blinking, and raising the rifle to her shoulder, could bring to the mark a grouse, and anon could pierce the grouse with unerring aim.

But Heather was only a girl, after all, and in the evening, still with the pale moon in the sky, and the stars twinkling in tiny, tangled, curling tongues darting hither and thither, she would picture a handsome, manly face—a face with bold, blue, darkly-lustrous eyes.

Ah, Heather! ah, Heather! The old father sitting on the other side of the fire-place so tirelessly mending his nets, knows no more of Heather's dream.

Ah, Heather! poor Heather! There is danger for her in the innocent-looking pale fire. Beware, beware! But the old father, sitting on his heels, his nets never leaving him, never knowing.

A girl's pious cry for mercy, and a father's curse, as he throws his child out into the pouring, blinding rain; she falls, she struggles a few steps, and then she gropes, moaning across the black and desolate moor, an outcast from her father's roof, to starve and die. Poor, motherless Heather!

Alone in the little hut, old David Green sits with his gray head buried in his hand, brown hands. Those hands, that have made the little life of Heather, are now in anger against his daughter, who is now crawling, stumbling, striving to find her way across the pitch black moor, the furious wind almost snuffing her from the door, and with her hand, twisting her thick brown hair in ropes around her face and throat, blinding and almost choking her, and anon almost lifting her from her feet.

And the old father sits and groans curses upon his child's betrayer; great sobs choke the old man's gaunt frame, and his curses course down his weather-beaten cheeks.

"My little lass, my bonnie little Heather; only a short time since I held her, a wee brain, in these arms. And now! And now!"

The old man rambled on, and still poor weary Heather, alone upon the wind-blown moor, pressed onward, slipping, falling at almost every step.

Presently a sudden break in the roar of the wind; an unmistakable sound to the girl's well-trained ear—the sound of horse's hoofs.

Heather catches her breath and strains her ears eagerly.

"Help! help!" she cries faintly. "Help, in God's name!"

The hoofs came nearer, nearer, and the sound, suddenly pushing through a murky cloud, shows the white-faced girl with the ragged plaid shawl held tightly around her.

The horseman wheels sharply and leans over the saddle bow. She recognizes him and covers both eyes with her trembling hands.

"Heather," says the young laird—for it was he—"Heather! I was just on my way to seek you; something warned me that my bird was in trouble."

"Oh, Willie," sobbed the girl, "father has turned me out; but hurriedly, he couldn't force me to tell the name; you are safe, dear, quite safe."

The young man is standing by her side, and his arms fold her lovingly, tenderly, to his heart.

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"Strikes me," said the insignificant small girl, "you must have seen the devil with his pitchfork, by the expression of your face."

Heather again gathered her tattered shawl tightly around her, her shapely shoulders without deigning to make any answer, and departed, the others going in the direction of Loganbrae Castle, from whose white-towered windows could be heard the sound of the bag-pipes in shrill, joyous welcome to the young Laird, so recently returned.

Heather was the only child of old David Green, the vagabond fisherman, whose fearful fits of temper sent his wretched young wife to the grave but a few months after Heather's birth. And now, though his violent anger was frequently directed against some unfortunate child, Heather always escaped scot free, never receiving an angry word nor look from the surly old fisherman, but the juster eye of the old man, half-savage, young daughter, running wild and only half clad across the lonely, barren moor, and roaming regardless of scratches amongst the thickly-leaved branches; fleet of foot, and free as a young antelope; whose bright black eyes could pierce the sun's rays without blinking, and raising the rifle to her shoulder, could bring to the mark a grouse, and anon could pierce the grouse with unerring aim.

But Heather was only a girl, after all, and in the evening, still with the pale moon in the sky, and the stars twinkling in tiny, tangled, curling tongues darting hither and thither, she would picture a handsome, manly face—a face with bold, blue, darkly-lustrous eyes.

Ah, Heather! ah, Heather! The old father sitting on the other side of the fire-place so tirelessly







